

T H E
P H I L O S O P H E R

I N
B R I S T O L.

Circumspice!—

*Ea Fortuna optima quæ nos ad Philosophiam
impellit.*

SENECA.

B R I S T O L:

Printed by G. ROUTH, in the *Maiden-Tavern*,

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PHILIPPS

BRITISH



BRITISH MUSEUM

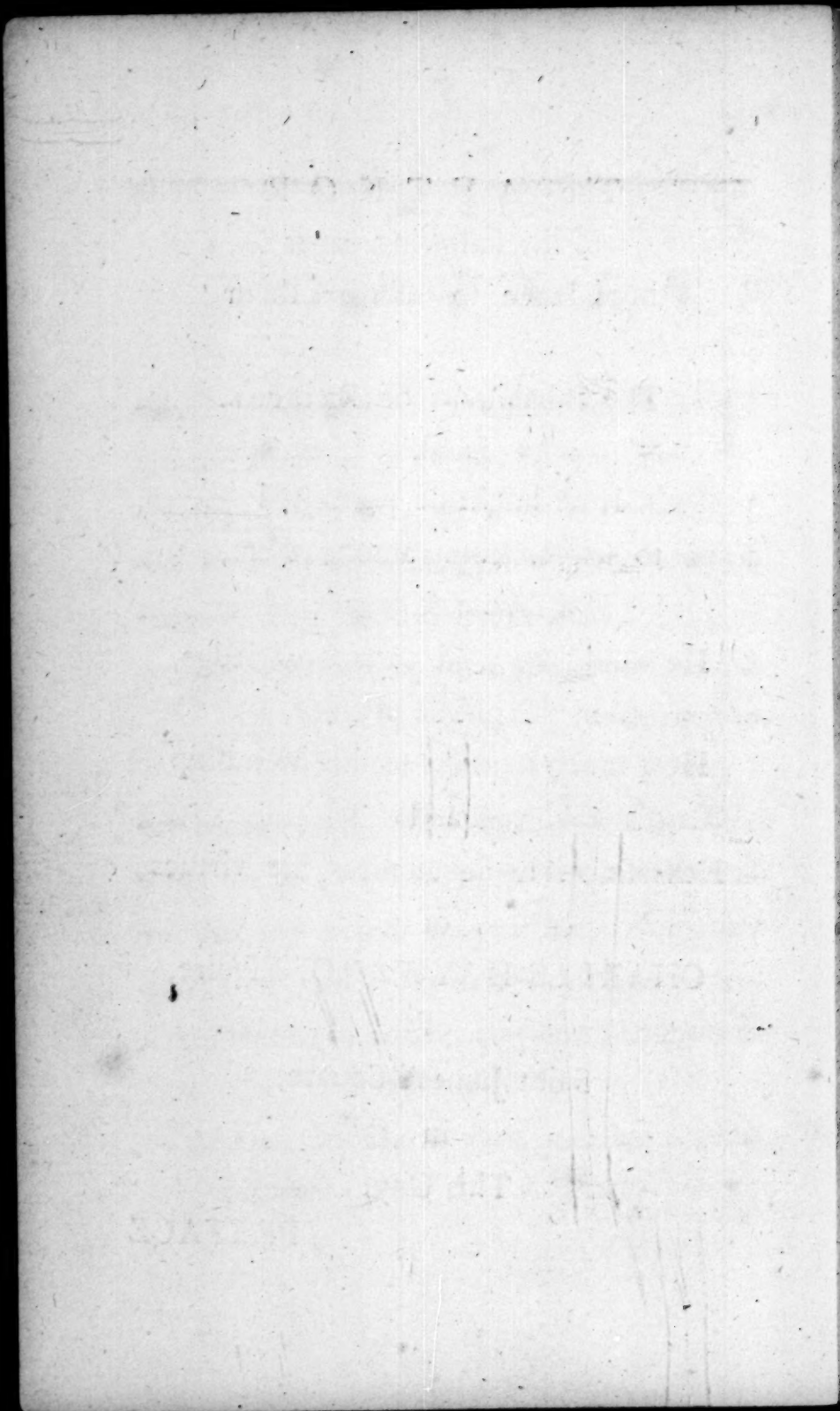
BRITISH MUSEUM

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The A U T H O R
of the following pages
begs leave to inscribe them
to
The Inhabitants of BRISTOL.
and,
If he might be permitted
to select, from among them,
a favourite name;
He would be glad to acknowledge,
in this public manner,
How much he owes to the friendship
and
How sincerely he admires the virtues
of
CHARLES HAYWARD, Esquire,
of
Saint James's Square,
in
This City.

PREFACE



P R E F A C E.

THE first chapter of these observations was part of a letter to a distant friend. The others were written in the evening's solitary hour, when, after the glare of day is past, I sometimes repose from severer studies, and resign my pen to the effusions of my heart.

THESE would, probably, have shared the fate of many other productions of the same nature,---been thrown into a corner, or committed to the flames ;---but, in a vain moment, I was induced to read them to a select circle of kindred spirits, who persuaded me that they would be acceptable to the world.-----I yield, therefore, to
the

P R E F A C E.

the solicitations of those, whose judgement, I believe, would justify a more hardy deed than this publication.-----And, if, in this instance, it should, for once, have erred; such error must be imputed to the kind partiality of friendship; which, even in its excesses, has sometimes been thought not only worthy of pardon,-----but of applause.

It may not, also, be improper to inform the Reader,----that, as in this little book, a certain character is personated, no offence should be taken at any sentiments contained in it.

T H E

T H E
P H I L O S O P H E R
I N
B R I S T O L.

WHEN the Philosopher was asked by
his friend at the Olympic games
what was the motive which led him thither,
He made this reply.---

“ Some come here to behold the mag-
nificence of the assembly;---others to see
their sons and relations contend in the
games;---many to meet their old friends
B and

and acquaintance;---Numbers to sell and buy merchandize, as this is the general mart of all Greece.——A few come hither to observe;—and among these, my friend, added He, you may reckon upon me.”——

To make such observations as will not give reasonable offence to others, and, at the same time, improve ourselves, is, by no means, an easy business.---But what have I done, that I should not, during my stay in this great and flourishing city, take up the trade of the Philosopher, and observe upon every thing around me!---My eye has not been idle, nor, I trust, impertinent; but has attentively viewed the promiscuous objects which presented themselves before it, from the Phaetonic Honours of a triumphant Representative,---to the poor blind-boy

boy who sells tawdry pictures, for a penny a piece, at the Blind Stairs.

——— I examine my heart,—and I find it deficient neither in candour or benevolence.—Wherefore then should I check my sober inclination to observe----?

——— ——— by yon bright star, which now glitters in the heavens, I will indulge it ;

——— and when I have made the observations to myself,-----who knows,---but I may give them to the world.-----

T H E

The Q U A Y.

AN active scene is my delight ;---but
 it must be at a distance from me.---I
 am pleased with beholding the croud and
 bustle of life without being engaged in it.
 ---I love to sit upon an hill and view the
 chace in the valley. I can stand upon
 the wharfs and quays of this city and con-
 template, with infinite satisfaction, the
 busy labours of the children of com-
 merce.----Every countenance bears the
 character of industry on its brow ;----
 every hand is grasping at toil,---and every
 sinew is exerted in adding to the greatness
 and riches of this commercial nation.----
 Nay the active seaman, when his vessel has
 discharged its freight, and received a new
 burthen, amid the loitering tides and hos-
 tile winds, plays, as it were, with labour,
 ---retwists

---retwists his ropes, and, for his amusement, reefs and unreefs the useless sail.

---But in observing the hurried employments of this active scene, I remark the passions which are agitated, as well as the strength, skill and industry which are exerted in them.----While the ponderous weight of merchandize, the bars of iron, or the bale of silk is heaved by the powerful engine from the vessel to the storehouse, I observe the owner's eye, examine every turn of his countenance while his property is suspended in the air, and behold, by degrees, his features lose their anxiety as it approaches the place of safety whither it is destined.-----

Or when, by adverse winds, the vessel is detained in the harbour, I watch the seaman's wishful looks, which, as he sits
fmoaking

smoking his restless pipe at the helm, he continually casts up to the main-top-mast, and asks the pendant, which is fluttering there, whether it is time to go.-----

If he is young, I suppose some tender Susan mourns his absence, and that he longs to reward her pain with new proofs of his truth and fidelity.---If he is in more advanced life, I make him the father of children,---and, in the interval of rest, I give to his bosom the affections of parental love, and some anxious wishes for the safety of his little hut, built on a foreign strand, around which the tempests blow and the billows roar.

----But whilst I am indulging this flow of sentiment, my love-sick sailor rests his right-hand, in which he holds his pipe, on his knee,---and sings his favourite ballad.

HASTE,

*HASTE, ye brisk winds, haste to blow,
And bear my stout ship to the sea ;
To foreign lands I long to go ;---
For there my charmer waits for me.*

*Tho' storms arise and tempests roar,
No harm or danger shall I see ;--
For they will help to waft me o'er
To where my charmer waits for me.*

*Oh could I feel the rising gale,
My heavy heart would merry be !--
Soon would I guide the swelling sail
To where my charmer waits for me !*

---In such a crowded place as this, these
sentimental speculations might be endless :
---by some, perhaps, they may be thought
fanciful ;---but I am sure they are not un-
profitable-----at least, my heart tells me,
that

that the indulging sentiments favourable to humanity, and calling forth the finer affections of the human breast, greatly helps to improve and meliorate our nature.---The man of taste plants Trees upon the wild heath to give it a cultivated appearance. ----The Painter selects such objects as will best suit his purpose, and dresses them to his own ideas ;---and why may not the Philosopher, in his speculations on the busy scene of life, employ his fancy in giving to human characters those sentiments which would do them honour.-----The great advantage of possessing a delicacy of taste arises from the particular objects to which it looks, and the manner in which it pursues them. ——— Nothing mean or sordid attends the mind in its sentimental progress.-----Good humour, candour, bene-

benevolence and all the social virtues are its constant companions:---affisted, sometimes, and improved by a warm, glowing imagination, which, thus accompanied, while it heightens and beautifies, does not deceive.

---I am perfectly convinced, that there is nothing which renders a man so independent in his happiness as the possession of this delicacy of taste and sentiment;----which, being seated in the mind, makes that the source of its best and noblest pleasures:---while those of the senses, tho' sometimes enjoyed, are ever subordinate:---and this is the only idea I can form of rational happiness.----The evils of life we cannot command, nor oftentimes avoid;--but the pleasures which flow from a deli-

C

cacy

cacy of sentiment are, in a great measure, our own ;---as it is generally, if not always, in our power to direct it to such objects as, we have the greatest reason to believe, will produce pleasure and satisfaction.

The

The Old Soldier.

I Was, a few weeks ago, riding towards *King's-Wefton*, when, in a narrow part of the road, I faw a poor old man, in a coat patched with cloth of various colours, fitting upon a bank of primrofes.---His beard was grey as his hair, and hung upon his breast. Befide him, lay his ftick and a fmall leathern cafe, which, as I looked at it, feemed to contain a quantity of ballads and ftory books.-----The old man, dreffed as he was in this motley habit, was perfectly neat and clean; and his whole figure told me that he was not an ordinary beggar.---When I came near to him, he took off his hat and holding it at his arm's length, feemed, 'though he faid nothing, to wifh that fomething might be dropt into it.----

I ftop-

I stopped,---and telling him, as I put my hand into my pocket, that I feared it was a cold seat which he had got there,---he replied, with a smile upon his countenance, oh, an' please your honour, the bare earth has been my pillow for weeks together:----And this, added he, looking beside him, this is a bed of roses.----My good friend, replied I, at thy time of life, and in the month of March, a bed of down, I believe, would suit thy aged limbs much better:----and if I were rich and within mine own gates thou shouldest have one. But whence arrises the singularity of thy appearance?-----This coat, worthy Sir, replied he, if any thing remains of it, was once a red coat, when I was a Serjeant in the twenty-second regiment of foot, in which I served upwards of thirty years in different parts of the world;

world;---and after having been in twenty engagements and dangerously wounded seven times, I was discharged at the end of the last war without any other reward than the consciousness of having done my duty:-- and tho' this will oftentimes keep my heart from drooping, your Honour very well knows it will not keep my body warm in a cold day, or satisfy the cravings of an hungry stomach.----I ought, in justice, to have been recommended to *Chelsea*, but my good, and, indeed, my only friend Major MORRISON, died just before I was discharged;----and so many applied to be admitted, that, for want of a friend, I was passed over.-----Major MORRISON, an' please your Honour, was as worthy a man as ever drew breath, and as good an officer as ever commanded a battalion.---He was my Captain twelve years;---and when
 he

he first wore a cockade, I taught him the manual exercife.-----He would have been a good friend to me if he had lived.-----But he was suddenly taken ill with a fever and sore throat, and died in five days, and went to Heaven.-----But, my good friend, said I, have you no parish to which you may apply for relief?----Yes, Sir, replied he, *Bradford*, in the county of *Wilts*, about six miles on one side of *Bath*, is my parish.—I was bred there to the clothing trade, and was what they call a shearman; but I was grown so old and had been so long unused to the business, that I could do but very little in it when I returned there; and trade is now so dead in those parts, and such numbers of poor are to be supported by the parish, that I only received a shilling a week, which would not keep body and soul together.—So now,
Sir,

Sir, as I can still walk pretty well, I make a little circuit round this part of the country, selling godly books for a penny a-piece.—But this would not answer, if it was not for the charity I receive as I travel along :—for there are several Squire's houses where I am now so well known, that, whenever I call, I am sure of having a comfortable meal or two, and that is a great blessing.——My coat, which your Honour seems to look at, as I told you before, was once my Serjeant's coat, tho' I do not believe a single morsel of the old one remains.—I was unwilling to part with the least remnant of it ;—so as it grew old, I patched the holes with any pieces of cloth I could get ;—and it is now of so many colours, that some people have taken me for an Highlander with his plaid :—but I am as true an Englishman as ever
drew

drew breath and fought for my country as bravely, though I am now a beggar.— But I do not mean, an' please your Honour, to say any thing against the Scotch, for I served with a regiment of them last war in America,—and braver men never faced an enemy.—We are now, Sir, I hope, all countrymen.—They were, to be sure, some of them rebels in the war before last, but they know better now.—Indeed I saw them suffer at the battle of *Culloden*, where they fell by thousands.—This cut on my face, Sir, I received in that engagement:—It was a bitter stroke:—but the thought of its being in defence of my country and against the Papists soon healed the wound.—If there was to be another war, I should be more concerned than I ever was for any thing in my life, that I could not grow young again and change my staff
for

for a musket :—but, please your Honour, we cannot last for ever.——As he spoke these last words I dropped a few pieces of money into his hat, and while he was loading me with blessings I rode on my way.*——

D —Now,

*——The hearty benedictions of this old foldier recalled to my memory an anecdote of Pope Clement the Thirteenth ;—who after shewing the greatest attention and condescending kindness to two English Noblemen,—on their taking leave of his Holiness, expressed himself in the following manner.——“ I know, my Lords, that from the difference of your religious tenets and persuasions, you do not annex any particular power of a spiritual nature to my character.—But, however that may be, added the gracious Pontiff, the blessing of an old man can do you no harm.—So laying his hands upon their heads, he said, God bless you.”

—Now, I am fully convinced that the pleasure I received, in conversing with this old soldier, arose entirely from that sentimental disposition, which works up every thing it fees into a congeniality with some soft and amiable passion.——Would not the man of traffic and merchandize have passed him by disregarded?—Or if he had, by chance, heard his story, would he not have forgotten his services, his labours, his wounds,—nay, his feeble old age, and dwelt alone upon the folly of leaving a trade where he might have grown rich, to follow the camp where he has grown poor?—And considering his present need as the consequence of his folly, would he have pitied or relieved him?—and if he did bestow some trifle upon his grey hairs, would it not have been accompanied with some uncourteous reflection?—

---Men

—Men of merchandize are useful, very useful beings in all communities ;—and the absolute support of many :—But if the love of gain so entirely envelopes all traits of feeling and delicacy of sentiment, which has been suspected by some,——I bless heaven that I am not a man of merchandize.

The

The Sailor.

A Few mornings ago,---I remember it was a rainy one,——as I was walking along one of the back streets of this city, I was very much struck with a melancholy figure of a blind man who was singing a song of love.——Misery could not have found, among the numbers of distressed mortals, a form more suited to her nature.

—While I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chaunt;——a sailor, who came whistling along the street, with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad of him.——

God preserve you, cried the blind man, for I have not tasted bread this blessed day;—when the sailor, looking 'round him, on a sudden, sprung up four steps into a baker's shop near which he stood;—and returning immediately,—— thrust a small loaf, silently, into the poor man's hand and went off whistling as he came.

I was so affected with this truly noble act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back to me;—and taking the little silver I had about me, which I think was but four shillings,—thy nobleness of soul, said I, and the goodness of thy heart, my lad, which I have seen so bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve.—However I must beg your acceptance of this trifle as a small testimony how much I admire thy generous nature.

nature.———God bleſs your noble honour, ſaid the ſailor, and thank you;—but we will divide the prize-money fairly; ſo, ſtepping back to the blind man, he gave him half of it; and, clapping him upon the ſhoulder at the ſame time, he added withal,—Here are two ſhillings for thee, my blind cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but to a noble gentleman who ſtands within five yards of you;—ſo get into harbour and make thyſelf warm, and keep thy humſtrum for fairer weather. ———Then giving his hat a quick wave over his head,——he thanked me again and went nimbly down the ſtreet.

——Would the man of trade have obſerved this blind ſongſter?——Or if he had, would he not have thought of a Beadle and a Work-houſe? —— Would
his

his eyes have been open or his senses awake to the noble act of the honest seaman?—or if they had,—would he not have sheltered himself in the old observation,—that sailors get their money like horses and spend it like asses?—If this be so;——— I thank my propitious stars that I am not a man of trade!———

—It is, I believe, universally agreed, that the schemes and designs of men, almost always, in the general eye of mankind, derive their merit and eclat from their success alone; while individuals are disposed to estimate things according to the labour and pains which they have bestowed in acquiring them.—As this is the case, we can no longer wonder that they, whose whole lives have been one continued scene of toil and trouble in acquiring

acquiring money, should be tenacious of possessing it, and derive their importance from it.—But be that as it may;—poor as I am,—and poor as I am like to be;—I would not forego the disposition of mind, to which I owe the honest and heartfelt pleasures I received from the tale of my old foldier, and the generous deed of the failor, for all the riches which have been acquired by trade, from the time when Tyre and Sidon flourished,—to the present hour !

—I do not affect to despise riches;—nay, on the contrary, I wish to be rich.—But God, who now reads my heart, knows that it is not from a fordid motive, or from any superiority which riches may give me;—but that I might extend the circuit of my benevolence; and practise, as well

as

as feel, the sentiments of charity.—The rich have no real advantage, over others, but in the delightful employment of exerting their affluence to the purposes of beneficence.—The secret sigh which I heave for the wretched;—and the silent tear which I shed over the miserable, however unaccompanied they may be with actual almsgiving, are equally recorded, in the volume of heaven with the most bountiful acts of charity :—and we well know,—that, in a future world, the contents of that volume will determine our final state and unalterable allotment.

The Hot-Wells.

YESTERDAY morning I went to call upon a friend whom the News-paper informed me was arrived at the HOT-WELLS.—I found him at breakfast;—and on my entering the room, what, my dear Sir, said I, can have brought you hither?—I never heard that the sons of medicine, with all their arts and caprices, ever sent the gouty to these springs!—No, replied he, I came here for quiet, change of air, and to look into myself and examine my own heart, which, you know, is sometimes necessary, and requires that freedom from disturbance which I find here.—You are, he was pleased to add, the man of all others I should wish to assist
me

me in the business; so let us pass the day together.—And here, said he, pointing to a parade before the house, here is a fine volume to aid our examinations and recall us to our subject if we should happen to stray from it.----I looked out,---and as it was the hour when health calls her votaries to the fountain, I saw many hastening thither.----

---There was youth already grown old;---and beauty withered e'er it had bloomed:-----I beheld the middle-aged striving to secure old-age,---and the old as anxious after life as if it was a new thing,---and they had never enjoyed a moment of it.-----Some were slowly dragging one leg after the other;---and, among those who were on horse-back, I saw Ladies hoisted on pillions behind their

E 2
servants.

servants.-----I wished much to have seen their husbands or their brothers,---or their fathers riding before them!---but that seemed to be out of the question;---and if a friend was to step forth on such an occasion, scandal, under the assumed title of propriety or prudence, would bid him retreat and resign his place to a footman,-----

---If ever I should have a wife or a daughter who is to ride a double-horse out of the world,---if I cannot attend her to the last stage myself,----and she has no brother to do it;----I will thank any friend, with tears in my eyes, for such a kindness.

---There were some whose faces I could scarcely see through the windows of their carriages,

carriages,---but they appeared to be wonderful pale.

---And who, said I to my friend, are those two young ladies who are now passing by us?---They are, he replied, two phthifical nymphs of the fountain, who are both very handsome and are here for the benefit of the waters:---The eldest, I should think, may recover;---but the other seems to be fading away very fast;---and unless the summer's sun revives her,---another winter will blast her charms for ever!-----And who is that slender figure, said I,---who can scarce walk,---whom a gentleman is this moment lifting into a chaise with coronets upon it? That is Lady ----- answered he,-----She is, or I should rather say, she was one of the most lovely women I ever knew.---A few winters of pleasure and the world have brought

brought her hither.-----She grows weaker every day ;--and she herself now has very little hopes of recovering from a disorder, which, however flattering it may have been, is grown rude and flatters her no more.-----The gentleman who is with her is the brother of her Lord, who is given over by the Physicians for a complication of disorders: so that this young man will soon receive a title and an estate from his brother, and his sister will as soon, in all probability, ease him of a large jointure upon it.

---While he was speaking,---a tall gentleman with a ghastly but smiling countenance came into the room.---I am really, said he, so much better and in such good spirits that I flatter myself I shall be able to dine with you.-----Do so, said my friend

friend, at half past three I shall expect you.---You may depend upon seeing me, added the gentleman, unless something very particular happens;---and accordingly he took his leave.-----At half past three a message was sent to inform him that dinner was ready; but he could not come:—something very particular indeed had happened;—he was under an engagement he could not break:—for the servant returned and informed us-----that he was dead.

-----There now passed before the window a young gentleman of about thirteen years of age.—He was riding upon a very little horse, and a servant was walking beside it.—At some small distance a lady, of a very genteel appearance, followed;—and seemed to watch this little cavalcade
with

with an interest that told me she was his mother.—The servant, seeing her, informed the young gentleman, as I suppose, that she was behind;—for turning his little horse suddenly round and striking it, at the same time, with his whip, he trotted up to her;—and they met just before the window where I stood.—Well, said she, my dear Charles, how do you like your poney?—Oh vastly Mamma, I think it has done me good already!—Heaven grant it may, my dear boy, replied she, and then kissed him:—and as he pressed his cheek to her lips, he answered, don't doubt it, my dear Mamma! so, giving her a fond playful stroke with his whip upon the shoulder, he rode off.—

—The lady then went back again;—but, as she went, continually turned round
to

to take another fond look at her son.—
 And, if I was not very much deceived,
 before she was out of my sight, she took
 an handkerchief out of her pocket, as I
 imagine, to wipe away some tears from off
 her cheek which her tender affections had
 scattered there.—

A chaise now came to the door of the
 house where my friend lodged;—and he
 immediately rose from his seat and stood
 beside me at the window.——If I have
 any knowledge of you, said he, you will
 be as much delighted, within these few
 minutes, as you ever were in your life.—
 But before he could explain his meaning,
 a young lady, of an elegant figure, came
 hastily out of the house with a pillow in
 her hand, and having placed it carefully
 on the seat of the chaise, she returned

F

and

and, in a few minutes, came forth again supporting her brother who was so weak that he could scarce walk.—They stopped at the bottom of the steps;—when she took his handkerchief out of his pocket,—and held his stick while he made use of it;—and then she returned him his stick,—and put his handkerchief into his pocket and led him to the chaise;—and having once again smoothed the pillow for him,—she helped him into the carriage,—and got in herself after him.

--This little melancholy scene of affection, said my friend, is acted here, three or four times a day:—and such a fine melancholy pleasure does it bestow upon my heart, that I sometimes postpone my ride for an hour lest I should not enjoy it.

He

He was in the right;—he knew me well!—I never was more delighted in my life.—The beauty of this action had charmed me,---and I was so entirely won by it,---that if I had possessed an exchequer which would have admitted of matrimony, I would have laid the keys of it at the feet of this young lady, and those of my heart along with them.

—The next day, as I was passing by the young gentleman's lodgings, the window was open, and he and his sister were standing near it.—His arm was round her neck and his head reclined upon her bosom:—In one hand she held a white handkerchief, and with the other she helped to support his feeble frame.—His eyes were shut,—while she never took hers from off his pale countenance, but
watched

watched it with the most winning and heavenly look of affection I ever beheld.

—Oh!—thought I,—what a fine discipline is this business, as I have seen it performed, to prepare the sister for the wife.—This school of fond attention, where every amiable feeling of the mind is in continual exercise,—where affection keeps her vigils, and, with a vestal patience and piety, watches over the flame of expiring life,—Oh!—’tis a school of virtue!—and from such a seminary,—I would recommend those very few who do not look towards riches, birth and fashion in their matrimonial connections, to chuse the amiable partners of their joys and sorrows.—

————From

————— From such a school, they come with hearts already formed to tenderness and the most angelic offices of life; and enter with a degree of perfection into the marriage state, which they who step forth from the temple of vanity and pleasure do seldom, if ever, attain, but after much time, and many repeated strokes of adversity and sorrow.

You see, said my friend, do you not? —a lady in crimson, who is leaning upon a young man in green? —I do, replied I, but health itself seems to have painted her cheek with its proudest glow. —That bloom, said he, is very deceitful and hides a deadly poison which preys upon her life. —She is a great fortune and not yet nineteen, and is come hither to stop the progress of a consumption which has already begun

begun its ravage upon her. If she recovers, she is to be married to the gentleman upon whose arm she hangs:—but, alas, they tell me she is hastening apace to that land, where they are neither married nor given in marriage.——

——The young man who is now getting into his carriage, added my friend, has ten thousand pounds a year,—and a very jolly fellow he has been.—As he was speaking, the chaise passed along and I saw him wan and emaciated.—A servant followed leading an horse for him to ride when he got upon the Down:—and I could not help observing, that the animal thrived upon his master's sickness, and was so fat and sleek, and formed such a mortifying contrast, that I am afraid I was going to utter some very petulant and unchristian-like

christian-like sentiment,—when the braying of a milch-afs, which stood just before the window, kindly interrupted me.—

——Hold thy peace, my good friend, said I to the afs,——I understand thee !
——I know that thou, also, dost thrive by the miseries——I hope Heaven will forgive me, for I was going to say —— of thy fellow-creatures.——

——But I do not mean to insult any one, even an afs,—and if there should be any who can be so weak as to be offended at me,—I am sorry for them.——

——But thine is an insulted race ;—and the rugged ground is thy bed,—and the thistle is thy provender,—and little but hard labour dost thou meet with,—and
stripes

stripes for the reward of it !— But, happy for thee,---thou dost sometimes carry the springs of health in thine udders !—— and then thou dost fatten in the pasture,--- and grow sleek and become well-liking. —The eye of beauty doth then look kindly upon thee ;---and while its fair hand strokes thy face,---its heart exults with the hope, that, by thy aid,---the rose will return to its cheek again !——

——Yes, said my friend, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good :——and straight, a Doctor rattled by in his chariot, as if death had been behind him.——

——And so he was !——the plumes nodded on his crest ;--and his pale ensigns, which whitened in the sun, proclaimed his triumph over youth and beauty !—

—And

—And what would the Man of Gain say to all this?----When he beheld the young hastening to the grave;---he would rejoice that his parents had, both of them, good constitutions.----when he saw the middle-aged look pale,---oh, he would exclaim, what a glorious thing it is to have been prudent and temperate in one's youth.---when gasping old-age met him on his walk,---he would jog on the faster for the reflection, that there were years to come before he should reach it.-----As the Doctor passed him, would he not say? —This must be an excellent business,—and I will bring up one of my children to it.—And when the train of death blackened the way beside him, as they attended, in all the pomp of funeral obsequies, some breathless body to its long home,—he would look grave and say,—that there was

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a great

a great deal of money thrown away to very little purpose!—though he would become better satisfied, when the undertaker, who overheard him, whispered in his ear,

—————*That all trades must live!*—————

—Well then, said my friend, laying his hand with some force upon my knee, and looking earnestly in my face,—if this be so;—’though I could be possessed of all the riches which the muddy stream before us bears on its tide,—I would not be a man of gain.

The

The Ferry.

AS I was crossing the Ferry, at the *Hot-Wells*, this morning to take my favourite airing on *Leigh-Down*, I observed a young woman in the boat whose eyes were red with weeping; and when we were arrived at the opposite side of the river, she leaped hastily ashore and went sobbing up the hill.

———There is something in affliction which is always so interesting to me, that, in whatever form it appears, I wish to connect myself with it;—and tho' this poor girl was very meanly habited, I wished to have given her my arm to lean upon;—and, if the whole world had looked towards me, I should not have been ashamed.

—But

—But in affliction, there is also something truly venerable;—and I can never intrude into its presence without receiving some slight beckon from it,——unless a friend is in the case;—and then, I hope, the wings of an eagle would not be swift enough for my impatience.—But this poor girl was a stranger;—and I feared that in making enquiries concerning her sorrow, I might offend her;—and instead of relieving, add to it.—I therefore wasted a silent wish of comfort after her, and saw her no more.

——On my return, the boatman told me, that she had been to seek her sweetheart, who was just returned from a sea-voyage, and that she had found him faithless and married to another.——As, in this particular situation, it was impossible

ble for me to relieve her heart,—I endeavoured to relieve my own, by writing this song for her:—and if I should see her again, while I sojourn in this part of the world, I will give it to her to sing when she milks her cows in the morning,—or is employed at the spinning-wheel in the evening.

*T H O' the rain it did pour and the winds
they did blow*

*When we passed over the Ferry ;
Tho' the rain it did pour, my Jockey, you
know*

That my heart it was blithsome and merry.

*But ah! tho' the sun most sweetly did shine
As I did return o'er the Ferry.*

I wept

*I wept,—for my Jockey no longer was mine,
 And my heart knew not how to be merry.*

*The sun now will shine and the winds blow,
 in vain,*

For I've bid adieu to the Ferry;—

*I ne'er, with my Jockey, shall pass it again,
 And my heart has forgot to be merry.*

Durdham-

Durdham-Down.

THE philosophic eye beholds every thing ;—and contemplates with pleasure the busy labours even of a groupe of children who are gathering cowslips for a May-day garland.—If it is but ivy upon a wall, or a nettle upon a bank, the Philosopher will hold discourse with it, and make it eloquent.

But here, there is such a quick succession of objects,---and they follow so closely upon each other, that they distract speculation.—This was really the case with me, as I was, this morning, taking the air on *Durdham-Down*.----The beauty of the prospect,--the variety and greatness of the objects around me,---the warmth
of

of the sun duly tempered by the western breeze,—the first song of the cuckow,—the universal smile of nature, all conspired to dilate every vessel of my heart.—I was awake to every thing :-----Indeed, every thing seemed awake!-----The languid raised their heads,—the heavy eye began to sparkle,—and Hope, adorned in all her gayest colours, danced before those who had for a long time drooped despondent.-----

---As I was considering, with tenderness, the causes and effects of what SHAKESPEARE calls the skyey influences, ---I was obliged to remove quickly from my path to avoid the hurry of two gentlemen, who were trying the speed of their horses.—It was a violent and difficult contest, but was decided just as they reached

reached the road which leads to *King's-
Weston*.—As they drew up, four men
passed along with a coffin upon their
shoulders.——It was a singular cir-
cumstance!——

—Thus, thought I, do the competi-
tions of this world end:—and the com-
petitors, in general, like these, think little
of the matter!——

—The men walked hastily on with their
funeral burthen unnoticed, to all appear-
ance, by any but myself.

I crossed the Down ruminating upon
this little event,—and the vanity of those
contests which engage men in violent and
unfriendly passions, 'till I found myself

H

repeating

repeating four favourite lines from Dr.

YOUNG:—

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?

What, tho' we wade in wealth,—or soar in
fame,

Earth's highest station ends in, “ Here he
lies”

And “ Dust to dust”—concludes her no-
blest song!

—Here I was interrupted again.—

Oh what a motley, chequered scene is
this world of ours!—

—A loud burst of merriment called
my attention to the left of me, where
there was a small company of country
gazers who had stopped to see some feats up-

on

on the tight rope, by some strolling tumblers who were practising to prepare themselves for their public exhibition, at the same place, in the afternoon.—One of these poor people had fallen from the rope ;—and this occasioned the loud laugh which disturbed my reverie.—I saw the lad limping away supported by one of his companions.—

—Well, said a plain dressed man, who passed me on horseback, it is very lucky for the fellow that he did break his leg!—indeed, added he, it would have been no matter if he had broke his neck for the good he does!—Ah, thought I, misery has little to expect at thy hand, whoever thou art, that, in its venerable presence, can't utter so cold, nay so cruel a sentiment. —

—At

—At this moment, a plain Quaker trotted along and neither turned his head to the right or the left.

—“ It is thy principle so to do, friend,———and I respect thee for it.”———

—For my part, I love the Quakers!--- they are certainly an harmless, and, I think, a conscientious set of people, who act in a manner more conformable to their own particular principles than any religious sect I know of.----I do not speak this from casual observation, as many do, who abuse and calumniate them, but from real experience and intimate knowledge of many among them whom I know,--and whom I hope to know as long as I live.——

—I now

---I now went to the man, who had fallen from the rope, to enquire concerning the accident :---and he told me, after thanking me for my kindness, that he owed this unlucky circumstance to the neglect of chalking the soles of his shoes;---but that he did not doubt of his being able to perform his usual exhibitions in the afternoon.---I was rejoiced to hear the man give this good account of himself,---and left him to the care of his companion who was now bathing his leg with opodeldoc.---

--I did not consider the man, in any other light, than as a fellow-creature.-----His profession was forgotten the moment I saw him in distress.-----Besides,---who knows but he might have been so educated for this mode of life,--that he would not
be

be able to get his bread in any other ;---
and that the hurt of a limb would be, to
him,---the loss of every means of sub-
sistence.-----

---As to his profession, if public shows
and spectacles are necessary ;-----If the
minds of all people of all ranks should
have some means of diverting them ;--
if the circulation of money is encreased,
and other good and political purposes
answered by public entertainments, these
itinerant dispensers of them may not be
so deserving of contempt as some good
people have imagined.-----

-----If an objection should be made to
their exhibitions,—that they consist of
useless tricks,—idle feats of agility, inde-
cent ribaldry, &c. I shall only observe
that

that the Theatres are oftentimes liable to the same.—Besides, wherein doth the generality of professions consist, and what are the ordinary means of getting rich in them,—but the art of tricking ;—the playing upon the weakness of mankind;—the encouragement of luxury and the change of idle and useless fashions.—And tho' in the exhibiting feats of agility there may be no great usefulness, there is, certainly, no deceit;—and if idle curiosity is alone excited, it is not associated with any malevolent passion.

—Thus, I am as well satisfied in having interested myself in the welfare of the tumbler, as if he had been a Minister of State ; whose tricks, if ever he plays any, may not be quite so innocent !—

—In

—In this manner was I satisfying myself,—and answering the objections of the unfeeling, with respect to this trifling act of courtesy which I had shewn the rope-dancer,—when I came to a spot, which, I trust, I shall never pass, tho' I were to reach fourscore years of age, without much sensibility.—

—Some weeks have flown away since, in a morning's ride, upon this part of the Down I met a young party, which consisted of two ladies and as many gentlemen;—one of whom, by his dress, appeared to be a clergyman.—A boy followed them, at some small distance, carrying a basket.—I passed them at a place, which being marshy, the ladies found a difficulty in getting over.—This trifling circumstance occasioned some lively sallies of imagination

on

on which engaged my attention.——
 When they had surmounted this little obstruction,—they all laughed so heartily and seemed to be in such good humour, that I quite longed to be of the party. But not knowing them,—I was obliged to content myself with wishing them happy on their little expedition, whatever it might be,—and a safe return.——But in the evening I heard, alas, that my wishes had been ineffectual.——A sad tale of misfortune was told me respecting this little groupe of social beings!——

——But it has been on every tongue!—
 Nay, I hope, in every heart!—I am sure it is, at this moment, in mine,—and I cannot dwell upon it,——

I

—It

—It may appear to be very strange, but I had not gone ten yards farther before I saw another coffin ;—at first I distrusted my sight ;—but its silvered ornaments, which glittered in the sun, told me that my eyes had not deceived me.

—Why this is the throne of health, said I, and death seems to have taken post at every avenue of it !—While I was apostrophizing, the bearers of the coffin placed it under a tree, and sat themselves down upon it, and made merry over it.

—There is a professional hardness of heart which, in some cases, is so necessary, that, tho' I would not possess it myself for a royal treasury, yet I cannot condemn it in others. There must be undertakers

to

to bury the dead, and hangmen to fix the villain to the gibbet.—The laws must be enforced; and justice must have mirmidons to execute her judgments.—This is also a fore evil under the sun;—but so it is.—

As I passed by these people I discovered from their discourse, that this coffin was to contain the remains of the unfortunate clergyman, whom, but a few weeks before, I had seen near this very spot, in all the spirits which social joy can administer.

—I never, in my life, was less disposed to the pensive pleasures than in the earlier part of this day;—but they would not resign me :—this last circumstance coming to their aid, they conquered and governed me through every succeeding hour
of

of it.—And now that it is night,—their power still controuls me.—Under their influence,—I look at the taper which burns dimly before me,—and it preaches with most pathetic eloquence.—I open the window-shutter, and not a star is visible! —It is all darkness;—and the darkness preaches also.

——The day is past,—and life hastes away!—It is now the hour of night,—and I look forwards to the tomb!——The sun which this evening blazed on the distant mountain,—e'er it sets again, may glimmer upon my grave!——O Amanda! —thou art fair as the lilly!—the rose is in the blush of thy cheek;—and thy heart is the temple of virtue!——I saw thee on thy evening walk,—and my eye followed thee till thou wert lost.—That eye,
Amanda,

Amanda, may see thee no more !—and
e'er a few hasty days are passed away, the
worm may riot on thy cheek,—and thy
heart become a clod of the valley.

May heaven have mercy upon us both!--
——I return again to my taper, and I
behold it almost exhausted ;—the flame
begins to dance in the socket,—and will
scarce light me to my chamber.——

——But I must have done !——

Lamp-Lighter's

Lamp-Lighter's Hall.

AS I was taking my philosophical dish of tea, this afternoon, at this place I was much amused and delighted with the departure of a large Danish ship, which weighed anchor almost opposite the window where I sat,—and proceeded on her voyage.—The bustle, noise and hurry which this event occasioned,—the croud upon the shore, the mutual and various adieus which were wafted from the ship to the land, and from the land back again to the ship, were fine subjects for speculation. —E'er I left the place, the vessel was in *King-Road*,—it had hoisted some of its sails,—its gaudy ensign fluttered in the gale, and it seemed to win its easy way through the waters,

—My

—My ride home, I trust, was not an unprofitable one;—and I am now at my writing table to give some account of it.—

Life is frequently compared to a voyage: and, I believe, the human fancy never produced an image, which better illustrated the idea it was intended to convey.—

Every man, possessed of a reflecting mind, whose fortune leads him to the seas, must make the same observation every hour.—

The storm, the fresh breeze, the equal gale and the calm, in all their various changes and successions, are but too lively pictures of what often passes in the human breast.—The prosperous and unsuccessful voyage,—the short and the tedious passage, the vessel battered by storms, and the fatal shipwreck are genuine representations of the various scenes of human life :

life:—and from the proud first rate man of war, that sails forth, as it were, to command the ocean which bears it,—to the humble wherry, which, in some small stream, conveys the nets of the fishermen to their prey,—they may all serve to illustrate the different stations, enterprises and avocations of the human race.—And further,—the launching the vessel, the furnishing it with rigging, the filling its hollow caverns with merchandize,—the placing a pilot at the helm,—the setting sail upon the ocean and the arrival at the desired haven,————What are they, but the various stages of life,—the progress of man from the cradle to the grave.—The steady current of the trade winds, which wafts the vessel on in a pleasing state of progressive composure, is a fine image of that tranquility which we all, sometimes,

sometimes, enjoy;—and the rolling waves which precede it, and the boisterous seas to which these breezes bear us, are emblems of those gusts of passion, which, tho' they may subside for a time, seldom suffer the bosom to forget their turbulent power.—— The winds of the ocean, in their inconstancy and variety, are answered by the various and inconstant wishes of man.—— When the sailor beholds the cloud descend to the sea to imbibe those waters which it will distill in refreshing showers on the vallies of some island or continent, he turns his prow from it;—but if he finds it difficult or impossible to avoid it, he levels his artillery at it, and by a timely precaution, prevents it from bursting over his vessel and sinking it in the deep.—— Does not the wise man act upon the same principles when any evil threatens him,

and does he not use the same precaution, to preserve himself from the impending danger?—

—I never recollect the melancholy loss of the *Victory* in the channel, who sunk, as it were, e'er it had failed, but I think of an infant who is born but to scream and to die.—When I see a gallant yacht, gilt with gold and gay with streamers, sailing upon the smooth bosom of a summer's sea, ---a lady of pleasure sweeps luring by me. A man of war returning home with a jury mast and holes in her sides, shews me a brave officer lopped of his limbs and with a face scarred in the service of his country :--and a guard-ship, in my eye, is a veteran commander, whose hairs being grown grey in the service of his King, he is suffered to retreat to ease and competency ;--and, tho' sometimes

sometimes consulted, he is never called forth to service but in emergencies of the most pressing nature.

—Thus could I proceed through every temper and station of man ;---thus could I enter into every little groupe, or larger community of them, and find their epitome on the ocean,———nay even for the fickleness of the human mind, I could find a resemblance in the sea, which, in the beautiful language of *Ossian*, “ *Lifts its blue head to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm.*”

I wish this ship had been bound to the East, the land of metaphors,—as its destination would have been an apology for this long and I fear tedious string of them :—but she is sailing to the North,

and I have not a single scrap of runic poetry upon my memory to help me out.——If it had not been for the charming little image, in the last page, which I borrowed from the bards of *Caledonia*,—I would have torn this chapter out of my book.

—It is very imprudent to tamper with metaphors and images:—For tho' they, sometimes, give great force to sentiment, and elegance to composition, yet they are, also, very apt to dazzle the eyes of judgment, and to apply too much to the imagination.——Poetry seems to be the soil where these flowers should be scattered with the greater profusion.—In prose, plants of a more solid growth should be adopted;—and tho' a knot of the others may be allowed to give a little ornament
and

and variety, they should be but thinly scattered and disposed with the greatest care and most cautious arrangement.

—But what am I doing?—Or what star governs the night?—Surely the genius of fantasy has replenished my ink-horn!—for nothing but metaphor flows from my pen.—

—I pray you, my kind readers, not be angry,—but pity me.—

For we are gliding along the stream of time, and hastening to that ocean where our voyage will end!—I see many of you go boldly down the tide,—fanned by the gales of delight and listening to the song of pleasure:—Whilst I never quit the shore, but keep my little skiff near the
the

banks, that I may sometimes sport in the
 creeks of the river, or hide myself from
 the storm in the caves of the rock, or
 sleep beneath the bending osiers.---But
 despise me not!-----

For the same stream bears us all on its
 bosom!--I see the ocean before me;—
 and am every hour employed in preparing
 my little bark to pass the gulph,-----

-----and reach the happy shore,
 Where tempests never rage, nor bil-
 lows roar!—

May we all reach it in peace!--Amen.

SUNDAY.

SUNDAY.

AS a Philosopher and a friend to good order in all government, I must, without doubt, be highly satisfied, when I see, in any country, a due and proper attention to the exercise of that religion which is established by the laws of it.—

—But as I am a christian, and well convinced that the worship of christians is exercised in Great-Britain with more purity than in any other country,—I am more particularly pleased, when its ordinances are observed with a due regard and respectful attention.

--It

--It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure I have remarked in the many places of worship I have attended in this city,—that the congregations have been always numerous and often crowded;—and that a decency of behaviour has uniformly prevailed to their honour and my infinite satisfaction.—For I agree with MR. ADDISON, that it is both pleasant and improving to behold, in a large city, numbers of people, on a Sunday dressed in their best cloaths, and with chearful countenances going to and returning from their respective places of public devotion : —but the spectacle, surely, is infinitely heightened when we see them engaged in it.

—And here I am naturally led to mention another observation which I have frequently

frequently made in favour of the inhabitants of *Bristol*;—which is,—that when I have had occasion to pass through the streets of this city at a late hour of the night,—for a Philosopher does not confine his reflections to the day,—I never recollect to have been disturbed by any noise or riot;—and that the Bacchanalian revels of midnight hours, which are so common in all other places, seem to be unknown in this peaceful city.--

—I have also observed an urbanity and good-humour in the inferior order of its inhabitants which justice obliges me to acknowledge:—and I will give a very striking example of it.

—As I was sauntering along a narrow street, near St. James's Church-yard, a

L

man,

man, of a mean appearance, enquired of me the way to the broad Quay,--and while I was endeavouring to give him my imperfect directions, a cobbler who was sitting in an adjoining stall, laid down his last,---and told the man he would point it out to him ; ---and, accordingly, having walked with him to the end of the street, he directed him on his way and returned hastily to his work.——I never was witness to an action of more civility in my life.----It was mere civility ;----for the man, who enquired his way, had not the least appearance of being able to bestow a gratuity for the information, nor did the cobbler require one ;---for, having given the necessary directions, he returned hastily to his stall and renewed his work, as if he knew the value of his time too well to loiter any part of it away, and yet did not grudge a small portion of it

it to do a fellow-creature service.——
 A Philosopher is seldom rich:—— it was
 not, therefore, in my power to reward
 this good man as I wished;---but I did my
 best, for as a Philosopher sometimes wants
 shoes, I ordered him to make me a couple
 of pair,——and told him my reason
 for it.-----

---This civil and proper demeanor not
 only confers honour upon the lower class
 of people in *Bristol*,---but it also proves
 the attentive and correct conduct of the
 clergy,---the vigilance of the magistracy,--
 the grave deportment of the eminent and
 the wealthy,---and the industry of all.——
 For wherever idleness prevails,---there
 rudeness and riot and crimes will predomi-
 nate.——The devil, says the Spanish
 Proverb, tempts all men,---but the idle

man alone tempts the devil.——--When, therefore, all ranks of men unite, according to their respective characters, in a due exercise of their talents and a diligent pursuit of their various avocations, a love of order will necessarily arise in such a community,---and actuate every part of it.

—I cannot but think that the happiness of this world, and the next are nearly connected together ;—and that religion conducts us to them both.———Much, therefore, depends upon that order of men who are appointed to teach its duties, to explain its doctrines and to prove its excellence and efficacy by their own example.—And tho', in the performance of these sacred offices, a great deal rests upon them,—something, also, depends

depends upon us in our regard and attention to it.

—The character itself is sacred and therefore highly respectable,—and cannot be intrinsically disgraced by the inattention or crime of the person who professes it.——Now there is not anything which tends more to lessen a respect for religion in ourselves,-----and to check the good effects of it in our inferiors,—than by discovering an open disregard of those who are appointed to teach the duties of it.—

Whenever I hear any one condemn the whole body of the clergy, as it were, in a breath, because there may have been many of that order who have been a dishonour to it; I immediately take the
opposite

opposite side of the question and give them as universal applause ;—because, from among them, a long catalogue of illustrious men might be produced, who have been truly eminent for steady virtue, shining talents, consummate learning and unfeigned piety.—————We may, both of us, be in an error ;—but if ever I am compelled to erect myself into a judge of my fellow-mortals,—I will endeavor to exercise the more amiable part of my jurisdiction, and frame my decrees,—not with harshness and rigour,—but with lenity and benevolence.—

Shallow-sighted men who love to cavil at what they do not understand,—and have no other foundation for their shadowy fabric of knowledge but the ignorance of men more ignorant than them—

themselves ;——these gentry, not having acquired a sufficient degree of discernment to distinguish between the abuses of things and the things themselves, presume to call religion to their tribunal ;--and having been told that it has been applied to bad purposes, without knowing or considering that its misapplication was the work of bad men, they pass their sentence of condemnation upon it :——and having just sense enough to discover that all the clergy are not angels,---they triumphantly pronounce the whole race of them to be devils.—

—Alas,—my good friends!---whoever you may be,---let me ask you one serious question.—If mankind were to judge of the human understanding by the use
which

which you make of yours,—what would they think of it?—

---I really respect the character of a clergyman :-----and even when I see any one who appears to be careless about supporting it with proper dignity,---still I respect the character tho' I pity the man. ---On such an occasion, I always feel the same kind of sentiment as takes possession of my mind, when I see a church made subservient to the common uses of life, and no longer sacred to the sublime offices of piety and devotion.

---Whenever we attend divine service where it happens to be performed with coldness and neglect,--the disrespect which the clergyman discovers towards his duty should

should never be encouraged by any concomitant inattention in us ;---but, on the contrary, we should endeavour, by every possible precaution, to hinder others from noticing it, by not appearing to take the least public notice of it ourselves.----To hide the defects of others is ever amiable ; ----but in this instance it would be universally beneficial!----

—I happened, a few Sundays ago, to meet Amanda who had just been at church ;—and returning with her,—the public disapprobation which some people discover when they are displeased with the manner in which the clergyman performs his duty, became the subject of our conversation.—————I shall not presume to repeat my observations, when I am so fortunate as to recollect what

M

Amanda

Amanda said upon it;—who, whenever I have heard her converse, always says the very thing she ought.

I make it a rule, said she, however my ear may be hurt by the discordant manner in which a clergyman may read the liturgy, —or my judgment be offended by the subject of his discourse or the manner of his treating it,——and my honour for religion be wounded by his inattention to the duties of his sacred office,—I keep these effects to myself.-----In the latter instance, indeed, added she, I am afraid the most benevolent mind cannot attempt even a justification, but, surely, in the two former, something, nay much may be said in their behalf.-----We should consider that many gentlemen are, I may say, forced, as it were, into the profession

tion against their own inclinations;-----some are obliged to have recourse to it from necessity;-----and all are, too generally taught, from their earliest destination to it, to look towards its emoluments instead of its duties.-----The study of Theology, even from the imperfect notions a woman can form of it, seems to require great attention in the pursuit and much time in the acquisition of it.-----To be eloquent is not in the power of many, and where men possess the necessary powers, a long and painful perseverance can alone bring them to any great degree of perfection.-----Besides a man, whose business it is to discover the secret sources of human actions,---to convince the judgment,---to awaken the passions, to confirm the doubting, to encourage the diffident, and to check the

presumptuous should be well acquainted with the human heart.—And notwithstanding the importance and difficulty of this profession,---I have been told that in four years occasional attendance upon the University,---and after an examination of as many minutes, a young man of three and twenty years of age is admitted into holy orders ;-----and by entering upon the evangelical function, takes upon him the charge of preaching the gospel, explaining its truths and enforcing the practice of them ;---of resolving the doubts of the ingenious sceptic,---and defending it against the attacks of the veteran infidel. ---So that, she was pleased to add,---the outcry of a general insufficiency in the clergy, if it should be true, which, however, I do not believe,---does not so immediately arise from themselves, as from

from the inattention of the superior powers to a due and wise regulation of their sacred order.

----I was charmed with Amanda! ———and cannot but think what a disgrace it is to the young men of this age that she should not be doing that honour to a married life, which she confers upon the virgin state.——But whenever that event approaches,—I shall consider the clergy as the most ungrateful beings in the world, if, after this admirable defence of their profession,—there is not an anxious contest among them, who shall enjoy the honour of bestowing upon her the nuptial benediction.

The PHILOSOPHER.

TO men whose turn of mind or situation in life does not lead them to speculative employments, it may afford matter of great wonder, that those things which many favour and pursue with the highest degree of regard and attention, should be neglected and considered, by others, as of a very inferior nature.—But this enigma will be easily explained when we consider that not only men, in general, differ from each other, but, also, that no two characters can be more opposite than the same man is, at different times, to himself.—There are the hot and the cold fits of the mind, the hour of pride and of doubt, and the time of error and of judgment. The reflection that these are inevitable,

ble, is sufficient to repress confidence, 'till the mind, long accustomed to survey things with a philosophic and unprejudiced eye, has brought itself to be guided by the unerring principles of truth.

————— I confess and acknowledge the real utility of the mechanical and trading employments of life.—But tho' they may be pursued with a great degree of reputation,—the higher species of applause and admiration will ever follow intellectual acquisitions, in the same proportion as the operations of the mind are superior to the powers of the body,—as intellectual to animal nature.

—The philosophical or contemplative character having his mind continually
directed

directed to the sublime views of human comprehension, cannot bring it down to the level of those moderate capacities, which are best adapted to the less refined pursuits of men, and have, generally, the greatest success in them.

When he considers man as consisting of a corporeal and spiritual nature,—in order to investigate them with accuracy and form a distinct analysis of their constituent parts, he must take an attentive view of their respective powers from the lowest exertion of mechanical strength, through every region of sense, to the highest efforts of intellectual nature.—For this purpose, every station of varied man, must, at times, be the object of his speculation.—He attends the labourer at his toil,—the mechanic at his engine,—the tradesman behind

behind his counter, and the merchant in his warehouse.—From thence he proceeds, by a regular ascent, through, what are called the more learned and abstruse professions, 'till he arrives at the last step of his enquiry,---the man who is engaged in the practice of true philosophy.—In this attentive progress through human nature, he watches every passion, carefully observes it in all its different modifications in the same and different men or professions of men;—follows it through all its mazes, 'till it arrives at compleat victory in some breasts, and, in others,—receives an entire overthrow.

—In forming this arrangement of the different characters and situations of life, he discovers them to be but so many links of the great chain of social happiness,——

N

'though

though he cannot but observe, at the same time, that there seems to be a natural gradation towards mental excellence, according to the distance from the hardness of ignorance or the power of sordid appetite.—The lower classes of life appear to him to be chiefly under the influence of the former,—while the next in degree are governed by the united powers of both; where the appetite leads to one point only, and ignorance stupifies and deadens its sense or desires in every other:—and so on.—Thus the human character makes its slow progress, refining itself by degrees,—till it rises to its highest state of intellectual perfection.

The utility which springs from the hard labours of the more indigent ranks of men is so obvious, that mankind seem to assent
to

to it, as it were, by a natural impulse; without suffering it to rest upon the mind as an object of speculation.—The improvements which are daily made in the mechanical arts, however useful they may be, fall within the knowledge and judgment of a very few.—They, who by study or profession have been taught to comprehend the general system of national policy in a commercial nation, will consider the manufacturer, the wholesale dealer and the retail tradesman in a light of respect, which, however truly they may deserve it, is familiar but to themselves.—And when the seas are covered with British sails, the idea of a British merchant rises very high in the mind of every man, who turns a political eye to such a glorious prospect.—But

learning and the endowments of the mind alone, are now, have ever been, and will for ever be the objects of universal honour and admiration.——Fame when she beholds those who possess them, claps her wings for joy,—and claiming them as her own peculiar care, consigns them to an higher immortality, than she ever deigns to bestow on the greatest Kings and bravest heroes.——The truly learned, however low their situation, supersede all rank;—and mankind are so disposed to do them honour, and so eager in being admitted to their society and friendship, that titles look at them with envy, and sigh to think that name and fortune alone, however great, will not raise them to such real dignity.——

The veneration for learning and learned
men

men has checked the destruction of war,*
 —stopped the pillage of a victorious
 army†—and softened the obdurate heart
 of the savage Freebooter.‡

—It

• The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 The House of *Pindarus*,—when Temple and
 Tower
 Went to the Ground. ——— MILTON.---

† It is well known that the Duke of Marlborough
 forbad his soldiers to ravage the territory of *Fenelon*,
 the learned Archbishop of Cambray. —

‡ We read in the life of *Tasso*, that this celebrated
 Poet being on a journey, in company with a large
 Caravan of merchants; they thought it necessary
 to halt, in a small town, 'till they could procure
 a guard to protect them from a troop of Banditti
 who infested those parts,—and were then known to
 be in the neighbourhood. ——— But the Captain of
 the

—It may perhaps be observed,—for it is a common observation, that however shining and splendid the character of the philosopher may appear, when dressed in the robe of pleasing Theory, dismantle him by practice, and his usefulness to society vanishes, in a moment, on a comparison with many of the less refined and ordinary employments of the world.—Whoever makes this specious observation, is not acquainted with mine or, perhaps, any just idea of philosophy.—I will therefore take the liberty of giving a slight sketch
of

the robbers hearing, by some means, that *Tasso* was in the Caravan, sent a message, that out of respect to him they should pass unmolested.—And he immediately withdrew, with his followers, to the mountains.

of that character whom I dignify with the title of philosopher.

—He is one who, from a severe and patient study of the human heart, is become well acquainted with the nature, faculties and end of man.—And having dispossessed his mind of prejudice, and obtained a due mastery over passion, is, thereby, well qualified to instruct and amend his fellow-creatures;—whom he loves sincerely,—whose failings he pities, and whose wants he alleviates.—The object of his life and his instruction being moral excellence, he uses no means to succeed but such as are consistent with it, and, indeed, partake of it.—He never flatters any passion,—indulges any appetite,—plays upon any weakness, or uses any stratagem to attain his end :—but, with
real

real modesty,—unfeigned sincerity, and experimental knowledge, displays the loveliness of virtue, proves that it may be sufficiently attained by every man, in every station, who will perform the duties of it with integrity and moderation: and, in order to give an awful and divine sanction to the practice of virtue, he leads his disciples to its fountain and first cause in God himself;—whose all-seeing eye penetrates into the secrets of every heart, and who will assign rewards and punishments, in a future world, according to the virtue or demerits of men in this.

—Tho' the life of this man will not be big with those empty exploits, which, catching a momentary brilliance, find a momentary acclamation, —yet proceeding in one constant, equal tenor of real, humble and active virtue, he will

will obtain every applause, and, indeed, more than he desires, among men; while his eye looks towards heaven, being assured of receiving, from, thence, a more glorious recompence. —————

——He is like a stream, whose smooth and equal current, never ruffled by storms nor swelled by rains, reflects the fair face of nature and heaven in its chrystal bosom: and having given fertility and beauty to the long extent of meadows, through which it flows meandering, widens at length;—and, continuing to encrease in grandeur, mingles at last with the waves of the ocean.

If the most reasonable happiness springs from a tender and moderate tranquility of the mind,——undisturbed by the
 O intrusions

intrusions of sense or the turbulence of passion,—the philosopher may be said to approach nearer to the attainment of it, than any other character in life.—And if the happiness which a man bears with him in his own breast, be more excellent than that which arises from external circumstances,—the philosopher still maintains the superiority.——Pride is in a state of real misery, if the eyes of mankind do not look upon its greatness.—The wealthy are poor if the world does not know of their riches;—but the philosopher, sitting upon his grass-plot or reclined upon his bank of flowers,—or wreathing his arms in a pensive fold, as he takes his walk along some shady valley,—feels a dignity throughout his nature,—tho' no acclamations vibrate on his ear,—and the
stars

stars alone bear witness to his virtuous exultation.

“ Were Angels, says Mr. ADDISON, if they look into the ways of men, to give in their catalogue of worthies, how different would it be from that which any of our species would draw up. We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning and the noise of victories: They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. The evening’s walk of a wise man is more illustrious, in their sight, than the march of a General at the head of an hundred thousand men.—
A contemplation of God’s works, a gene-

rous concern for the good of mankind, and an unfeigned exercise of humility only denominate men great and glorious."

The worldly drudgeries and pursuits of the busy race of men must be followed with a most unremitted and slavish attention, if they entirely absorb and overwhelm the intellectual powers.——For the soul, tho' she may be heavily encumbered with passion and sense, makes frequent struggles for liberty.——And tho' the man of business, amid the cares and hurries of his profession, may not know it;—yet, whenever he looks forward, which he will sometimes do with pleasure, to ease and retirement, then the soul is striving to shake off the load beneath
which

which she groans, and to acquire her legal dominion over him.

If human nature is capable of improving itself and ascending higher in the scale of perfection, we may venture to assert, that the mind, which, by its disengagement from sordid pursuits and worldly concerns, is best enabled to contemplate the most perfect object,—may be said to have attained the highest degree of it.—Besides,—if the happiness and perfection of an immortal state, as we have every reason to believe, be spiritual,—the cultivation of our intellectual powers will lead us to the greatest possible resemblance of that perfection;—and, thereby, produce the highest attainments of our mortal nature.—

—All

—All orders of men may be useful,—
 may be virtuous!—and when they are
 so, I most sincerely respect them.—
 But after all,—I bless heaven—
 That I am a philosopher.

F I N I S.

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